

# The TINDER BOX

by  
**MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS**  
AUTHOR OF  
"THE MELTING OF MOLLY"



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"He'll never do it again," was the prompt result I got from my shot.

"The trouble with you, Evelina," said Sallie, with reflective reflectiveness in her eyes, "is that you have never been married and do not understand how noble a man can be under."

"Yes, I should say that you had hit Evelina's trouble exactly on the head," came in Polk's drawl as he came over the rose hedge from the side street and seated himself beside Carolus on the steps.

"Well, if I ever have a husband he'll prove his nobility by being competent to make the correct connection between the aspidochelone and his own baby," was the answer that came with so much force that I couldn't stop it after I fully realized Polk's presence and sex.

"Help!" exclaimed Polk weakly, while Neil blushed into the fold of her ruff. Caroline looked slightly shocked and Sallie wholly scandalized at my lack of delicacy.

I felt that the place had been reached, the audience provided and the time ripe for the first gun in my general revolution planned for Glendie.

I spoke calmly in a perfect panic of fear. "I am glad Polk is here to speak for the masculine side of the question," I said, looking at the three astonished women straight in the face. "Polk, do you or do you not think that a man with a wife and seven children ought to assume at least some of the domestic strain resulting therefrom, like dropping the aspidochelone in the spoon for her while she is wrestling with the youngest-born's colic?"

"Do I have to answer?" pleaded Polk, with desperation.

"Yes!"

"Then under the circumstances I think the man ought to say, 'To — with the spoon, grab a gas, go out and shoot up a bear and a couple of wild turkeys for breakfast, throttle some coin out of some nearby business corporation, send two or three trained nurses back to the wigwam, sway downtown to lunch and then go home with a tender little kiss for the madame who meets him fluffy and smiling at the door. That's my idea of true conubial bliss. Applications considered in the order of their reception. Well, you are sweet enough to sit in that blue muslin. I'm glad I asked you to get one just that shade."

And the theme chorus of pleased laughs that followed Polk Hayes' brainless disposal of the important question in hand made me ashamed of being a woman, though it was funny. Still I bided my time, and Polk saw the biding. I could tell by the expression in the corners of his eyes that he kept turned away from me.

And in less than a half hour he was left to my mercies, anything but tender. Sallie took Neil and Caroline over home to help her decide how wide a band of white it would be decorous for her to sew in the neck of her new black meteor cape. I see it coming that we will all have to unite in getting Sallie out of morning and into the trappings of frivolity soon, and I dread it. It takes so many opinions on any given subject to satisfy Sallie that she ought to keep a tabulated advice book.

"Evelina," said Polk experimentally after he had seen them safely across the street, and he moved along the steps until he sat against my skirts, "are your family subject to colic?"

"No, they have strong brains instead," I answered icily.

"Said brains subject to colic, though," he mused in an impudent undertone.

I laughed. I couldn't help it. One of the dangerous things about Polk is that he gets you comfortable and

basic things, like infantile colic, I would have it out with him along all lines, "there is an awful shock coming to you when you realize that."

"That in the heat of this erudite and revolutionary discussion, which an evil fate let me drop in on, I have forgotten to give you this telegram that came for you while I was down at the station shipping some lumber. Be as easy as you can with me, Evelina, and remember that I am your childhood's companion when you decide between us." With which he handed me a blue telegram.

I opened it hastily and found that it was from Richard:

"Am coming down to Bolivar with C. and G. commission. Be deciding about what I wrote you. Must. RICHARD."

I sat perfectly still for several seconds, because I felt that a good, strong hand had reached out of the distance and gently grabbed me. Dickie had bossed me strenuously through two years of the time before I had awakened to the fact that for his good I must take the direction of the affairs of him and his kind on my and my kind's shoulders.

I suppose a great many years of emancipation will have to pass over the heads of women before they lose the gourd kind of feeling at the sight of a particularly broad, strong pair of shoulders. My heart sparkled at the idea of seeing Dickie again and being bossed in a good old, methodical, tender way. I suppose the sparkle in my heart showed in my eyes, for Polk sat up quickly and took notice of it very decidedly.

"Wire especially impassioned?" he asked, with a smolder in his eyes.

"Not especially," I answered serenely. "One of my friends' father is a director in the C. and G., and he is coming down with him for the conference over at Bolivar between the two roads next week."

"Good," answered Polk heartily, as the dare died out of his eyes.

I was glad he didn't have to see the wire for I wanted to use his brain while I could get his emotions to sleep in my presence. It is very exasperating for a woman to be offered flirtation when she is in need of common sense from a man.

"Polk, do you see any logical, honest or dishonest way to get that road to take the Glendie bluff line?" I asked, with trepidation, for that was the time I had ever even begun to discuss anything intelligently with Polk.

"None in the world, Evelina," he answered with a nice, straight, intellectual showing over his whole face and even his lazy, posing figure. "I remonstrated with James and Henry Caruthers both when they used their influence to have the bonds voted and I told James it was madness to invest in all that field and swamp property with just a chance of the shops. The trouble was that James had always left all his business to Henry, along with the firm's business, for a man can't be the kind of lawyer James is and carry the details of the handling of fifty lucres in the same mind that can make a speech like the one he made down in Nashville last April, on the exchange of the judiciary. James can be the governor of this good state any time he wants to, or could, if Henry didn't turn toes and left him such a big to hold—no reference to Sallie's figure intended, which is all to the good if you like that kind of curves!"

## CHAPTER IX.

"I wanted you."

I TOOK a moment to choose my words.

"The C. and G. is going to take that bluff route," I answered calmly from somewhere inside me that I had never used to speak from before.

"Do you know anything of the character of Mrs. Joshua?" asked Polk, mingling, but slipping down from his intellectual attitude of mind and body and edging an inch nearer. "Bet she had a strong mind or Joshua never could have pulled off that sun and moon stunt."

"Do you know, Polk, there is one woman in the world who could—well, handle you?" I said as a sudden vision of what Jane would do if Polk sat on her skirts as he did on mine flashed across my troubled brain.

"I'd be mighty particular as to who handles me," he answered impudently. "Wait to try?" I said as I looked across the street and noted that the porch of Widgables was full of overflowing with the household of women.

"Evelina," said Polk as he stood up suddenly in front of me, "that old mossback is the finest man in this commonwealth, but from his situation nobody can extract him, unless it is a woman with the williness of the devil himself. Poison the whole bunch and I'll back you. We'll have to plot it later on. I see his reverence coming tripping along with a tract in his hand for you, and I'll be considerate enough to sneak through the kitchen, get a hot muffin cake that has been tantalizing my nose all this time you have been sentimentalizing about me and return anon when I can have you all to plot myself in the melting moonlight in the small hours after all religious folk are in bed. Until then!" And as he went back through the front hall Mr. Haley came down the front walk.

"My dear Miss Shelby, how fortunate I am to find you alone!" he exclaimed, with such genuine delight beaming from his nice, good, friendly gray eyes that I beamed up myself a bit out of pure responsiveness.

"I am so glad to see you, Mr. Haley. Hasn't it been a lovely day?"

"It has indeed, and I don't know when I have been so deeply happy. This hour with you will be the very climax of the day's perfections, I feel sure."

To follow you, Jane, I "let a man look freely into my heart, and, thus encouraged, he opened his to mine," and, behold! I found Sallie and the twins and Henrietta all squatting in the dominie's cardiac regions just as comfortably as they do at Widgables.

"My sympathies have become so enlisted in the struggle with Mrs. Caruthers in having to curb the eccentricities of her oldest daughter that I feel I must lay definite plans to help her. It is very difficult for a young and naturally yielding woman like Mrs. Caruthers to discipline alone."

even so young a child as Henrietta, I know you will help me all you can to help her. Believe me, my dear friend, even in the short time you have been in Glendie you have become a tower of strength to me. I feel that I can take my most difficult and sacred perplexities to you."

Now, what do you think of that, Jane? Be sure and rub this situation in on all the waiting days and nights. I am coming down to Bolivar with C. and G. commission. Be deciding about what I wrote you. Must. RICHARD."

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"Yes, I'm, dat's so," answered Petunia. "I never come outen a spell so easy before." And her yellow face had a pink glow of happiness all over it as she smiled lovingly on the black brute.

I went off into a corner and sat down for a quiet hour to think. Nobody in the world knows everything.

"Supper's on the table," Jasper announced after having seen Mr. Haley go down the front walk tonight. Jasper has such great ideas about the cloth that never in the world would he have asked Mr. Haley in to supper without having at least a day to prepare for him. Any of my other friends he would have asked, regardless of whether or not I wanted them.

I somehow didn't feel that I could eat alone tonight, but what I did do was to go for Sallie or Cousin Jasmine, and, besides, it is weak-minded to feel that way. Why shouldn't I want to eat by myself?

This is a great big house for just one woman, and I don't see why I have to be that one! I never was intended to be single. I seem even to think double. I could feel the tears getting tangled in my lashes, but I forced them back.

Now, I don't see why I should have been sentimentalizing over myself like that. Just such a longing, miserable, wait until he comes—and why doesn't he hurry or I'll take the wrong man attitude of mind and sentiment in women in general is what I have taken a vow on my soul, and made a great big important wager to do away with. There are millions of lovely men in the world, and all I have to do is to go out and find the right one, be gentle with him until he understands my mode of attack to be a bit different from the usual carfish one employed by women from prehistoric times until now, but not later, and then domesticate him in any way that suits me.

(To be continued.)

## YOU CAN'T BEAT

**FRISBIE'S FRESH APPLE PIES**

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EVERYTHING IS CLEAN

The Abendpost and the Illinois Staats-Zeitung, German newspapers of Chicago, have been praised for the use of the Canadian mills.

## Three Persons Sue Today For Divorce On Cruelty Grounds

Cruelty is the ground on which three divorce suits, filed in the superior court today, are based. James Murphy of this city wants a decree from Mabel Murphy of this city. Her maiden name was Mabel Crawford. The couple were married September 17, 1912.

Annie G. Peterson of this city seeks a separation from Edward C. Peterson of this city. The couple were married May 22, 1911. Mrs. Peterson, whose maiden name was Annie Gerber, also asks the court to allow her alimony.

Mary Isabel Ferguson of Ridgefield asks Hon. E. Ferguson of Ridgefield. The plaintiff, whose maiden name was Mary Pierson, asks for the custody of two minor children. They were married May 20, 1906.

## PERSONAL MENTION.

A daughter, weighing eight pounds arrived last Saturday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Otto C. Hastings of 207 Denver avenue. The baby will be named Esther Lucie Martin Hastings.

The Democratic and Republican party conventions opened their sessions at Trenton, N. J.

CALL FOR THE PRIMARIES OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY, IN THE CITY OF BRIDGEPORT.

The Democratic Primaries in and for the City of Bridgeport, State of Connecticut, will be held on Monday, October 11th, 1915, between the hours of five o'clock p. m. and nine o'clock p. m., in each of the voting districts in said City of Bridgeport, at which primaries delegates shall be selected to attend a convention for the nomination of a mayor, city clerk, town clerk, tax collector, city treasurer, three city sheriffs, three selectmen, and two members of the board of education, and to transact any other business that might legally be transacted by said City of Bridgeport. At said Primaries, aldermanic candidates from each of the voting districts shall be chosen.

HUGH J. LAVERY, Town Chairman of the Democratic Party.

## Notice to the Public

Bakers' Union, Local 38, wish to announce to the public that all goods bearing the union label are guaranteed to be made under the most sanitary conditions and advise if they desire goods of this nature, which "cost no more" than those made in unsanitary shops, they can purchase from these merchants:

**LIST OF MERCHANTS:**  
C. Eismann's Bakeries.

White Way Bakery, Main Street.

Mohican Co.

Blue Ribbon Bakery.

Scholtz's Bakery, Barnum Avenue.

M. Lober's Bakery, Hallet Street.

Schiff Bros. Bakery, Hallam Street.

Starck's Bakery, 100 Railway Street.

New Haven Baking Co., 27 Linen Avenue.

Bradbury Cruller Co., Pembroke Street.

**WHY NOT PATRONIZE HOME PRODUCTS AND UNION GOODS?**

**LARGE SOFT SHELL CRABS**  
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**Tomorrow**  
**BIG OFFERING**

**TERMS REASONABLE**  
**BRING OUT THE WIFE AND BABY**

Take the New Haven or Walnut Beach trolley, get off at Beard's Corner and walk north 700 feet

**BRIDGEPORT-PACIFIC LAND CO.**  
214 WARNER BUILDING  
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**CERTILAX**  
The Certain Laxative

A harmless and sure remedy for Constipation, Torpid Liver, Headache, Biliousness, and Foul Breath. Made from the formulae of a celebrated specialist of New York City. Do the work pleasantly—do not gripe, 10c. 50c. 50c. At all drug stores or direct on receipt of price. Curtis Chemical Co., 117 E. 24th St., New York.

## WANTED GIRLS

FOR LIGHT, PLEASANT WORK

**Warner Bros. Co.**  
APPLY  
EMPLOYMENT OFFICE  
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**FIRST CLASS**  
**Toolmakers & All Round Machinists**

**WANTED**  
Give experience and references; 8 hour shop; highest wages. Address

**UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE COMPANY**  
Employment Office, Barnum Avenue L23 \*15

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for light, pleasant work; highest wages paid; 8 hour shop. Address

**UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE COMPANY**  
Employment Office, Barnum Avenue L23 \*15

**NOTICE**  
Bridgeport Hydraulic Co.

NO. 820 MAIN STREET  
Water Rates for the quarter ending Oct. 1st, 1915, are NOW DUE and payable at the office of the Company, No. 820 Main Street. All bills must be paid on or before Oct. 15, 1915.

Business hours Saturdays from 8 A. M. to 12 M.  
For the accommodation of the public the office will be kept open from 8 A. M. to 8 P. M., Mondays, Oct. 5th and 11th, 1915.

ALBERT E. LAVERY, Secretary.

**THE UNIVERSITY SCHOOL**  
836 FAIRFIELD AVENUE  
Twenty-fourth Year Begins  
September 22, 1915

Elementary and advanced subjects covering high-school and earlier grades, in preparation for college, technical school, business, and the large preparatory schools.

Every student given special attention by experienced teachers: one to three years saved. Morning, afternoon, and evening sessions. Outdoor and indoor athletics.

The registrar will be at the school from 8 a. m. to 1 p. m., after August 30. For other hours, telephone 642. L28 \*15

**RHEUMATISM**  
**MEDICINE FREE**

We want the name of every person everywhere who is suffering with rheumatism, so we can send him a free sample bottle of Hill's Rheumatic Remedy. We don't care how long or how severe he has had it, as there are very few cases that have not yielded and been thoroughly cured with it. It works at once. In twenty-four hours it stops the pain. Don't take our word for it—test it at our expense. This is not a new untried thing. For twenty-five years it has been regarded by physicians as practically the only certain treatment for this terrible disease.

Over 10,000 Testimonials Like These: Mr. E. M. Ehlers, Forty Grand Lodges of Mason of New York City writes that, "Although a sufferer from rheumatism for many years two doses stopped all pain and one bottle cured me."

Mr. A. Goldman, Victoria, Texas, says: "I am very well pleased with your medicine. I am recommending it very highly. It has done more for me than anything I have ever tried."

Marshall F. W. Geraty, of 10 Manhattan St., New York, says: "I have suffered with rheumatism for many years, have tried almost every known remedy but got no relief or cure until I took your medicine. In forty-eight hours I was entirely cured and free from all pain. I send this unsolicited."

Hill's Rheumatic Remedy is on sale at most drug stores at \$1.00 per bottle. One bottle generally effects a complete cure. Call or send for free sample bottle and booklet at once. There is no greater service you can perform for humanity than to tell any rheumatic sufferer about this wonderful preparation. Address: Hill Medicine Co., 117 East 24th St., New York, N. Y.

**AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE**  
Good Men Make Big Money on Our Preparation. **WRITE NOW—ADV.**

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**FRENCH AND DUTCH BULBS**  
**JOHN RECK & SON.**

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## 3 Per Cent. INTEREST

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We think this will appeal to you particularly in view of our experience of nearly fifty years in banking. We can assure you of safety, satisfactory conduct of your business, and courteous treatment.

Interest credited to accounts monthly. We would like to tell you about our methods. Call us on the 'phone or come in and see us.

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and yet are trying to get along without it. Why the sacrifice? Just consider the safety, convenience and economy and you'll realize it is to your interest to have one with

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BANKERS  
169 STATE ST., Bridgeport, Conn.

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Fire Insurance today is as necessary as food, because you don't know what minute you are liable to damage by fire. We represent the best line of companies in the world. Why not let us make out a policy? The cost is very little indeed.

**S. Loewith & Co.**

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**Property Owners!**  
**WE HAVE**  
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**IN RENTS FROM \$15 TO**  
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**PARTICULARS**

**ANDERSON & CO.**  
63 JOHN STREET

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FINE NEW HOUSE, ALL IMPROVEMENTS; FINE LOT; IN BEST PART OF STRATFIELD SECTION.

**T. B. WARREN**  
29 Sanford Building

**For Sale**  
Two-family house, six rooms on each floor, butler's pantry, all improvements, lot 50x200, near St. Vincent's Hospital.

Building lots, North End, from \$300 up; weekly payments.

**WILLIAM T. MULLINS**  
Real Estate and Insurance  
POLI THEATRE BUILDING  
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**TWO FAMILY HOUSE**  
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**Kelly's Cigar Store**  
141 FAIRFIELD AVE.

The best cigars made in imported and domestic brands. Complete line of snoker's supplies.

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SAND AND GRAVEL  
**THE BURNS CO.**  
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852 MAIN STREET ROOM 501  
BROKEN STONE, ALL SIZES  
ON HAND

State of Connecticut  
Treasury Department.

**Taxes**  
on  
**Investments**

Bridgeport lays taxes on all property owned by residents on September 1st, of each year. All residents of this City can pay a tax of four mills on the dollar on bonds, notes or other choses in action and exempt them from the much larger local tax, but this must be done BEFORE September 1st. Enquire of your banker or write to STATE TREASURER, at Hartford, about this.

**A HEAVY PENALTY**  
is fixed for avoiding this tax by a law passed by the last General Assembly. A copy of the law will be mailed to any one writing for it. Money in Bank is taxable.

F. S. CHAMBERLAIN,  
Treasurer.

**MONUMENTS**  
**MAUSOLEUMS**  
**M. G. KEANE**  
Stratford Ave., Opp. St. Michael's Church  
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.  
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**MONUMENTS**  
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Plant operated by pneumatic cutting and polishing tools

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